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MRS KENDAL AMONG THE SOCIAL SCIENTISTS.*

Mrs Kendal said: The English people are, indeed, rapidly becoming alive to the fact that the progress and culture of a nation depends upon its diversions as well as upon its occupations, and, as a matter of consequence, the dramatic art is receiving an unprecedented meed of recognition. The most useful thing for me to do to-day will be, therefore, to glance for a few moments at the difference in the condition of the drama in its earlier days and now, and to consider in what ways it has improved, in what deteriorated. That it has in many ways improved every playgoer of intelligence must admit; that it has in some ways deteriorated those who are closely associated with it are forced to allow. It is an easy and a pleasant task to speak of its improvements. There still exist worthy but self-constituted critics who speak with shake of head and regretful sigh of what are called the "palmy days" of the drama. That grand actors and consummate actresses lived in bygone days is a matter beyond all dispute; and, indeed, when one comes to consider the conditions under which they were compelled to follow their art, it seems almost impossible to speak too highly of the genius which enabled them to indelibly stamp their names upon the age in which they lived, and which will cause them to be honourably—nay, gloriously—remembered in ages yet to come. But, surely, I am justified in saying that the playgoer of to-day possesses advantages far above those which his forefather enjoyed. Let us compare the play houses of to-day with those we read of in the old times. The utmost disorder was allowed to exist in the half-lighted auditorium. Eating and drinking were indulged in, smoking was permitted, wine, spirits, and tobacco were hawked about, card playing was resorted to between acts, and the more distinguished among the audience were allowed to walk and sit on the stage and to converse with the performers. It was no disgrace in those days for gentlemen of good social position to be seen tipsy at a play; and, of course, drunken brawls and disgraceful quarrels were of frequent occurrence. The entertainment provided on the stage was on a level with the intellect of the audience, and the players were looked upon as "rogues and vagabonds." No wonder that the drama got a bad name, and that people of a Puritanical turn of mind regarded it with dismay. Of course, all this is going back a very long way. Matters began by degrees to improve; but I venture to say that it was not until the present generation that correctness in costume, fidelity in scene painting, and attention to every little detail connected with the action came to be looked upon as absolutely essential to the proper production of a play. Nowadays, indeed, that which is technically known as the "staging" of a play is itself a work of true art, and in its way gives rise to as much thought and care as the author applies to his dialogue or the actor to his part. It has been objected that too much attention is apt to be given to scenery, furniture, and accessories, and that there is a danger of the drama suffering from over-elaboration in this direction. In plain English, this means that a thing may be too well done. It seems hard to subscribe to such a theory. If a scene is to be represented at all, can it be given with too much truth or attention to detail? Of course, lack of judgment spoils everything. If the surroundings and minutiae of scenes are correct and in good taste, they must add not only to the enjoyment, but to the education of an audience. Perhaps it would be well for those who are disposed to be satirical concerning what they call over-attention to detail and over-elaboration to give a thought to this side of the question before airing their opinions. The comfort of the audience, too. Is not that considered nowadays as it was never considered before? I do not often form one of an audience myself, but I should certainly think that good light, attention to warmth and ventilation, soft cushions, ample room, good music, and, above all, cleanliness, are things to be appreciated, and added to your list of improvements. And while advances in this respect have been made before the curtain, equally great ones have taken place behind it, and actors and actresses are at last surrounded by the conveniences and comforts which gentlemen and ladies have a right to expect. After referring to the keen criticism which playwrights had to undergo from the increased number of playgoers, Mrs Kendal continued: But perhaps the most remarkable change which has come over the condition of the drama is the fact that there is at last a recognized social position for the professional player. Formerly actors formed a little body by themselves. The theatrical profession was considered outside, if not beneath, all others, and was regarded with something like contempt. It was a wrong, cruel, and absurd state of things. Even then the theatre was popular and was doing good work. Perhaps you will remember Garrick's famous reply to the bishop who told him that he could not understand why his theatre was always full, while his church was always empty. "I think,

my lord," said Garrick, "it is because I deal with fiction as though it were truth, while you preach a truth as though it were fiction." Members of all the other professions were glad enough to go and amuse themselves with the outcome of the actor's genius. His ability was recognized. It was, as it is now, the subject of universal conversation, but the door of society was closed to him. Now all that is altered. The theatrical profession is acknowledged to be a high and important one, and the society of the intelligent and cultivated actor is eagerly sought after. Just at present, indeed, the new state of things, having become universally known and recognized, has proved also a little embarrassing. How many younger sons of well-born but not too well-to-do people have hailed the present social position of the actor with delight? How many educated girls finding themselves, through force of circumstances, suddenly compelled to face the world on their own account, have turned with a sigh of relief from the prospect of the stereotyped position of a companion or governess to the vista that an honourable connection with the stage holds out to them. From these and other sources the theatrical profession also runs the risk of becoming "overstocked." The young aspirants rush to the stage as to a promised land. The would-be actors congratulate themselves on the fact that there are no stiff examinations to pass. They complacently regard their handsome young faces in the looking-glass, they contemplate with satisfaction the latest efforts of their West-end tailor, and think themselves on the high road to fame and fortune. I must now turn to the other side of the question, and tell you in what way the drama of the present day has deteriorated, and, unless actors and actresses will be true to themselves and the honourable profession they follow, is likely still further to deteriorate. No true lover of the dramatic art can look with satisfaction on the many methods in which it is now advertised. Another way in which the drama has certainly deteriorated is the style of play that now attracts popular audiences. The "suggestiveness" which pervades the dialogue of too many modern plays is a foreign importation that might well be spared. That most of the old plays were indelicate is a matter of fact; but they were a reflection of the times in which they were produced. Of course there are very clever and amusing pieces of this order, but their success has given rise to a host of clumsy imitations which, while attracting audiences, certainly do no credit to the English stage. In what is known as burlesque, too, the modern theatre has deteriorated. Genuine travesty and pantomime are distinct and recognized branches of the dramatic art. But though some good burlesque pieces, in which witty authors and clever actors unite to produce a hearty, wholesome, and good-humoured laugh, are happily produced from time to time, the so-called burlesque with which the modern playgoer is familiar, and which, it must be owned, he seems to enjoy, is not a high-toned entertainment. I do not think that the press of the present day does all that it might do for the true welfare of the drama. Existing critics generally rush into extremes, and either overpraise or too cruelly condemn. The public, as a matter of course, turn to the newspapers for information; but how can any judgment be formed when either indiscriminate praise or unqualified abuse is given to almost every new piece and to the actors who interpret it? Actors and actresses of position who have the true interests of their noble art in view should make their lives an example to those with whom they are associated and to those who are to come after them. By these means, and by these means only, can the theatrical profession expect to maintain its dignity and to secure the high position it should hold in the estimation of every degree, while cultivating their talents to elevate and amuse, to lead such lives that those who have regarded the stage with suspicion will at last give it its proper place in the world of art. Time will not allow me to say more. The drama has an interesting—nay, to some of us, a fascinating—past. It rests with those who make it a profession, and with the ever-increasing public that supports it, to secure for it a useful, an elevating, and a glorious future.

(More next week.)

THE STAGE BY KENDAL-LIGHT.

(From Punch.)

What! at it again? This talented histrione is coming out as the Great Irrepressible! The *cacothés loquendi* has seized her; the example of the G.O.M. is daily before her eyes, and Mrs Kendal (bless her!) is becoming quite a Premier in Petticoats. She is the Kendal that wont be put under a bushel, but which will flare up, and, in spite of an occasional sputtering, will warrant itself to last for any number of hours. Not one of your "short sixes," but a "long composite," that is, judging from her lengthy composition delivered last week at a "Brammagem meeting" of the Social Science Congress. To be acting and speechifying on and off the

* Birmingham Post.

Stage is too great a strain for the finest constitution; in fact, it is burning the Kendal at both ends—a very exhausting process in the long run; still if it is a “long run,” Mrs Kendal will be satisfied. And so more power to her powerful elbow.

She laid about her in all directions: Audiences, Critics, Actors, Authors, all got it hot and strong. Why? Who has been attacking her? or if she elects to champion the Stage, again we ask who has been attacking it? And why does she choose to come forward as the apologist for the Stage, at a time when, according to her own statements, the Stage was never less in want of defence or apology? Far be it from us to wish to apply the extinguisher, even off the Stage, but we take upon ourselves the ancient office of candle-snuffer to the theatre, in order that, after a little judicious trimming, this Kendal may give a clearer light. We just snip off this fragment of smoky wick,—not having time to pay more attention to this burning light just at present,—and here it is:—“The terms ‘Actor’ and ‘Gentleman’ may now be regarded as synonymous.”

When Mrs Kendal said this, she was attempting to show that the Stage as a “profession” is nowadays accepted socially as on the same level with the Bar, the Church, the Army, which professions she alluded to as “overstocked.” Now, first, the Stage is *not* recognized as a profession at all, in the same way as the Bar, the Church, the Army, and Navy are recognized. Such a general assertion as Mrs Kendal makes is nonsense. It is as false to say, “You are an Actor, therefore you are a vagabond,” as it is to say, “You are an Actor, therefore you are a Gentleman by position.”

We put entirely aside, as having no bearing on the case, the question of conduct. It is simply a matter of fact,—has the Actor, *quod* Actor, the same social position, *de jure et de facto*, as is held by the Barrister *quod* Barrister, the Officer *quod* Officer, and the Clergyman *quod* Clergyman? Be a man's social position what it may, he obtains a distinct status as a Gentleman by becoming an Officer, a Barrister, or a Clergyman, a status that can be only forfeited by his own misconduct. But is it so with the man who “goes on the Stage”? No. If a man be a Barrister, an Officer, or a Clergyman, the presumption is that he has received such a training as will fit him for the society of educated, if not of highly cultured, gentlemen. In some cases we may “presump” wrong, but that a man is “on the Stage” is a guarantee for nothing at all, not even for his being able to act. Again, when a man becomes a Barrister, or a Clergyman, or an Officer, does he change his name, and appear as somebody else, for fear of disgracing his family? Yet this is the rule with those who adopt the stage as a profession, no matter to what social rank in life they may have previously belonged. And to this rule there are only rare exceptions.

Bring the question home. Knowing what we do know about the Stage, wishing it well, and trying to make the best of it, how many of us would choose the theatrical profession for our daughters as their sole means of earning a livelihood; not, mind you, as future Stars,—for all have not the great artistic gifts of an Ellen Terry or Madge Robertson,—but simply as ordinary actresses in the rank and file, getting from two to five pounds a week? If she be a young lady by birth and education, pure in mind, and refined in taste, then, what we will term the “atmosphere of the theatre,”—not to go into details familiar to all who do not regard everything through rose-tinted spectacles,—will either utterly disgust her, and she will quit the Stage at once and for ever, or she will rapidly and unconsciously (that is the worst of it) deteriorate—and then?—*histoire banale*!

Parental supervision, night after night, and day after day at rehearsal, is impossible, unless the parents are in “the profession” themselves, and then, as the girl will have been habituated to it all from her earliest years, such strict supervision will, possibly, be deemed unnecessary. A woman born and bred up in the profession, an actress from the first moment she toddled on in a Pantomime opening at three years old, comes *à son insu* to accept as part of her everyday life, manners, customs, and modes of expression that would be revolting to an ordinary English home-bred girl. We should all be indeed delighted were the case not so,—but so it is.

Mrs Kendal blushes for the sort of pieces played at the Criterion, where we are only to laugh at peccadilloes, be amused by such absurdities as are just possibilities, and no more. Madame, “because you are virtuous, are there to be no more cakes and ale?” Go to! There are many ladies who would rather take their daughters to laugh at such farcical comedies than to see the “suggestive” *Peril*, or to the St James's to see the termination of the second act of *The Squire*, a situation which not all Mrs Kendal's admirable art could render delicate.

As for actors advertising themselves, we object to it, and to the beggarly benefit system, as much as anybody; but it is an advertising age. And what, we may ask, was Mrs Kendal doing at the Brummagem Social Science Meeting except advertising herself very cheaply, and on a very extensive scale? And is not her speech to

be published as a pamphlet, with a portrait of Mrs Kendal, by way of frontispiece? What is this but a form of advertisement?

Stop—we are wrong—she didn't only advertise herself, but she gave “Parr's Life Pills and Holloway's Ointment” such an advertisement as should be handsomely acknowledged by the grateful proprietors of those patent remedies. Pears will send to Mrs Kendal to implore her to mention his soap. It could be done so easily: just mention “soft soap,” and so forth.

As to the Drama, Mrs Kendal needn't trouble her head about that. Taking to-day's published list at haphazard, we find eighteen theatres mentioned where, including original burlesques and extravaganzas [which have the merit of always being original, except a few of the late Mr Planché's, which were French prose turned into the neatest English rhyme], are being performed fifteen original English pieces, exclusive of farces.

Mrs Kendal regrets the good old days of mirth-provoking farces, when Wright at the Adelphi, and Buckstone at the Haymarket, said and did things which no audience of to-day would tolerate. For ourselves, we prefer real humour and genuine fun to coarseness. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. There is a humorous side to the most serious intrigue, and the charge brought by the Critics against our Dramatic Authors who adapt French plays to English taste is that the pieces lose their spice in the process, because the Englishman ingeniously gives the essence of the comic plot and situations while avoiding all suggestion of indecency. We only know one exception to this rule, and then the fault was shared between the Author and the Actor.

But what is the gist of Mrs Kendal's much ado about nothing? It is to claim for the Actor, *quod* Actor, a position in “Society.” As Miss Squeers exclaimed, “Is this the end?” Is this the aim and object of the Actor's art, to get into “Sassietty”? If so, farewell erratic genius, and welcome respectable jog-trot mediocrity. Are there more Actors and Actresses received into “Sassietty” now than in the time of Macready, Charles Kean, Miss Faucit, Charles Matthews, and Mr and Mrs Alfred Wigan? There ought to be, for the number of theatres has been nearly doubled; but if the proportion is the same, the social position of the Stage is not one whit better than it was a quarter of a century ago. Of course, young men who are gentlemen by birth and education, and who have not forfeited their position by misconduct, will be received as they were before they “went on the Stage,”—though not everywhere; but these are not received *quod* Actors, that is, as were Miss Helen Faucit, Macready, and the others, with, perhaps, the exception of Charles Kean, quoted above.

Now we have done—for the present. The St James's Theatre re-opens to-morrow with the adaptation from the French—(those wicked French!)—entitled *The Ironmaster* (“*le jeu ne vaut pas la Kendal*”), and we give them this gratis advertisement, by singing “The Kendals are coming!” But should the talented actress feel inspired to step before the curtain and address her sympathetic audience, we can only warn her off this course, or this discourse, with Mr Punch's historic advice, “Don't!”

“Out, out, brief (:) Kendal!”

CALLS FOR ACTORS, SINGERS, &c.

The following sensible observations, now so much to the purpose, are from the trenchant pen of “Rapiet,” whose writings occupy so conspicuous a place in the columns of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*:—

“The subject of ‘calls’ at theatres has lately been occupying space in the *Era*, to which journal a very peremptory gentleman wrote the other day for the purpose of stating his opinion, which was to the effect that the actor was the servant of the public, and if his master called for him it was his duty to come. This strikes me as being great nonsense. The actor is not the servant of the public. He is not even the servant of his manager, but rather a contractor who undertakes to supply a certain thing on certain terms. When our indignant friend talks about the actor's master—Mr Thomas Jones, the eminent greengrocer, in the pit, and Mr Jones's boy in the gallery—calling him, he forgets that there are sensible men and women in stalls, boxes, and in pit and gallery as well, who do not desire the actor to do anything so idiotic as to interrupt the action of the play by appearing, an utterly incongruous object, in his proper person, to bow. A great deal of rubbish is talked about art, but art must certainly be considered and respected. An actor's first duty is to his art, and this art must suffer if he lays aside the character for a time to re-appear in *propria persona*.”

Let us have more such plain speaking, and the oftener the better. It must eventually bear fruit.—D. B.

A DREAM OF A NEW SYMPHONY.

The report, in the form of a positive assertion, that a new Symphony by Mendelssohn has been discovered seems almost too good to be true. A symphony in four long movements is not the sort of thing that a composer can throw off at odd moments without his family or his friends knowing anything about it; and Mendelssohn's intimates kept themselves well informed as to all he was doing. His relatives possess some posthumous works which, apparently under the impression that they would not add to the master's fame, they still withheld from publicity. But everything that Mendelssohn had left was labelled, ticketed, and catalogued long ago; and though it is difficult, in the absence of explicit affirmations, to prove that what is asserted to exist has really no existence, it would need very direct evidence to convince the thousands and tens of thousands who are interested in all that concerns Mendelssohn that, nearly forty years after his death, a forgotten or unknown symphony from his pen has suddenly been unearthed. Indeed, the supposition that any such composition can have been lost sight of, only now to be found, cannot without difficulty be entertained. To accept the report it would be necessary to believe that Mendelssohn worked at the supposed symphony in secret, and, contrary to his practice, never breathed a word about it to any of his relatives or friends. In connection with the alleged discovery, it will be remembered, no doubt, that not very many years ago Sir George Grove and Sir Arthur Sullivan did really find at Vienna manuscript compositions by Schubert which had never seen the light, and which, having been stowed away in a cupboard as so much useless lumber, would doubtless, but for the fortunate visit of the two enthusiastic Englishmen, have, sooner or later, been destroyed. But the circumstances, artistic and general, of Schubert, were very different from those of Mendelssohn. The latter was the foremost musician of his time; his latest compositions were looked for eagerly in all parts of Europe, and concert societies were ready to produce them the moment that the fastidious and almost too scrupulous master would allow them to pass from his hands. The former, though a very great composer, and probably the most inspired melodist that ever lived, was obscure, unappreciated, and so poor that, if poverty did not actually kill him in his thirty-second year, it at least lent a helping hand towards that result. At an age when many a composer has scarcely begun to make his mark, Schubert had produced a whole library of works in every style, except "*le genre ennuyeux*." He was as young when he had written ten symphonies as Beethoven was when he had produced but one. But nothing was done with them, and, being obliged to dispose of his songs at the rate of tenpence apiece, and being at times in want of eightpence halfpenny with which to pay for his dinner, and at others so hard pressed that he had to write to his brother for a "roll, some apples, or a few halfpence," it was only natural that the works of this outcast, for whom at the banquet of life there was evidently no place, should not, immediately after his miserable death, be eagerly inquired for.

Schubert's published works then bore no proportion, whether in number or in importance, to the mass of unpublished, unperformed works which at his death he left behind him; and even now, when for more than half a century posthumous works by Schubert have been constantly coming out, there may still be many which (if not irretrievably lost) have yet to be made known. A French musical paper complained as long ago as 1839 that in connection with Schubert's "posthumous" works a practical joke was being played upon the world. It admitted that the works described as "posthumous" were very beautiful, but declared that the author of them was alive and in full activity at Vienna. With Mendelssohn the case is altogether different. His life and his works, published and unpublished, are too well known for the belief to be seriously entertained that a symphony from his pen, hitherto forgotten or mislaid, has suddenly been disinterred. If, however, contrary to all probability, a new symphony by Mendelssohn should really have been discovered, the value of the discovery can, in a musical sense, scarcely be over-estimated. Music is not, perhaps, more split up into schools than painting or literature. But musicians in their prepossessions and their aversions are more enthusiastic and more fanatical than poets or even painters; and the adherents of Wagner and of Liszt are so uncompromising in their hatred of Mendelssohn, that it would be a useful lesson for them to see with what general delight a new orchestral work by Mendelssohn would be received.

Lovers of music abound who, in their simplicity, do not understand (as too many critics are ready to assure us) that Mendelssohn, taking classical forms as he found them, and being content to invent beautiful themes and to present them with great perfection of style, did nothing to advance the musical art. It would be as reasonable to say that a poet who, while producing beautiful poems, did not transgress the ordinary rules of composition, failed to advance the art of

poetry. We have had a good many composers of symphonies since Mendelssohn's time, but not one who, like him (and like Beethoven, in a more impressive style, before him), has produced symphonies which, artistically perfect, have at the same time become universally popular. This Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony and Italian Symphony certainly are. The same may be said of some three or four of Beethoven's grander symphonies—the C minor, for instance, the Pastoral, the Eroica, and the Choral. But, though no one probably would rank Mendelssohn with Beethoven, the symphonies of the former, by their greater lightness and brightness, seem to please a larger number of persons. One remarkable thing about the movement of music, for good or for bad, is that, in its progress or its decadence, it becomes every day more scientific, more complicated, more generally unintelligible. There is no more reason why music, as an art, should constantly go on improving than there was centuries ago why architecture should do so; and music, like architecture (which has been called "frozen music" and music in a state of petrification), may already have seen its best days. That it will fall in precisely the same way as architecture need not be assumed. The risk to which it seems exposed just now is that of becoming an art which will appeal exclusively to the initiated. Even in Mendelssohn's time there were writers of the highest intelligence and the most delicate artistic perceptions—Heine, for instance—who thought his clear, simple, tuneful music too abstruse, and who already predicted a separation of interests and a divergence of sympathies between scientific composers and ordinary lovers of music. Sebastian Bach, whose statue has just been unveiled at Eisenach, and whose bi-centenary is about to be celebrated throughout Germany, did not, with all his learning, address his compositions to the musically learned alone. Still less did Handel, whose birth, two hundred years ago, will have to be commemorated early next spring in the country where he spent fifty years of his life, and where his works, often as simple as they are sublime, are infinitely better known than in the country where he was born. It is not to be desired that a great musician should write for the entertainment of the most ignorant portion of the public. But the time seems approaching when he will write for the entertainment of professional musicians alone, and of professional musicians, moreover, of the particular school to which he himself may happen to belong. Berlioz defined music as "the art of moving intelligent men by sequences and combinations of sounds." But music, as treated by some modern composers, threatens to become merely the art of interesting, by the said "sequences and combinations of sounds," men who have had a special musical education. This would be, not progress, but limitation and contraction; and it would indeed be interesting to see a new symphony by Mendelssohn brought to light at a time when, in too many quarters, this admirable composer is looked upon as one of the faded glories of the past.—*Standard*.

SAINTS AND SINNERS.

The subjoined letter has been addressed by the author of *Saints and Sinners* (now playing at the Vaudeville) to the dramatic critic of the *Daily News*, who has accorded it a place in his always interesting Monday column:—

"I am unwilling to write to the newspapers and defend myself against the charges of irreverence which have been so freely flung at me, but I should like it to be known that in *Saints and Sinners* I intended no offence to religious susceptibilities. At the same time I can see no reason why large fields of modern life should be closed to treatment on the stage merely because the truthful portraiture of them is unpalatable to the 'unco guid.' Nor do I think the 'unco guid' have any right to cry to the dramatist 'Hands off us!' I will vouch for the absolute faithfulness of the types of character I have presented in Hoggard and Prabble, and for their wide dispersion amongst the Dissenting classes. I can only urge in my defence another couplet from Burns:—

'There's none ever feared
The truth should be heard
But they whom the truth would indite.'"

WEIST HILL'S "SLUMBER SONG."—(J. Williams).—"Slumber Song," for pianoforte and either violin, viola, or violoncello, by H. Weist Hill.—The only fault about this charming piece is that, untrue to the profession of its title, it is not calculated to promote sleep; its sustained interest will certainly keep listeners awake till the last bar. However, it possesses the usual characteristics of a Slumber Song, and is one of the best of its class. The accomplished violoncellist, M. Libotton, to whom it is dedicated, has played it in public several times with great success.—F. F. (*Lady's Pictorial*).

RICHTER CONCERTS.

Mr Vert, the indefatigable acting manager of the Richter Concerts, has favoured us with particulars of the approaching series of three concerts to be given at St James's Hall, on Tuesdays, October 28th, November 4th, and November 11, under the direction of Herr Hans Richter. The band will number 100 performers; the leader will again be Herr Schiever; the chorus-director, Herr Frantzen. Herr Hermann Franke is the presiding director.

The programme of the first concert comprises Wagner's *Tannhäuser* Overture, Selection from *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, Vorspiel to Act III. of *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, and the Trauer-Marsch from *Götterdämmerung*. Brahms' Third Symphony in F.

At the second concert will be performed Wagner's Overtures to *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, and to *Parsifal*, also *Der Ritt der Walküren*, from *Die Walküre*. Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, and Schubert's Symphony in C, No. 9, will complete the programme.

The third concert includes Wagner's *Probe-Lieder* from *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* (to be sung in English by Mr Edward Lloyd), and Wotan's Abschied und Feuerzauber, from *Die Walküre* (Wotan, Mr F. King), and the concert, commencing with Weber's Overture to *Euryanthe*, will conclude with the Ninth (Choral) Symphony of Beethoven.

It is worthy of notice that there will be no vocal solos at either the first or the second concert. At the third concert Mr Edward Lloyd's masterly delivery of Walthers' "Prize Song" will constitute a special attraction, and Mr F. King may be trusted to do ample justice to the drery "Farewell" of that dreariest of heavy fathers, Wotan. The absence of vocal solos on the 28th October and 4th November will be regretted by English amateurs, but as the Richter Concerts are mainly supported by German residents in London, the predilections of English musicians will probably be esteemed of little importance.

It will also be worthy of notice that of the fourteen selections to be presented at the three concerts no less than ten belong to the Wagnerian repertory, and it is more than ever obvious that the Richter Concerts have been instituted for the propagation of the Wagner cultus. To this no objection can be made, but it may be urged that each succeeding series of Richter Concerts helps to reveal the poverty of the Wagnerian repertory, seeing that the same selections are repeated every year, *usque ad nauseam*. Is it wise, on the part of those who ask us to place Wagner on the very highest pinnacle of art, and to pay to him a more devout homage than is accorded to any other composer, to expose the poverty of the treasure-house, which—according to them—is filled with gems beyond all comparison? We reverence the genius of Wagner, and thankfully acknowledge the many benefits art has derived from his teachings; but when we see that his warmest worshippers must fain content themselves with such practical advocacy of his merits as may be evidenced by endless repetitions of too familiar extracts from his works, it is surely fair to ask what it is that constitutes his superiority?

A great composer should be many-sided. Wagner has restricted himself to a narrow field of art. Where can we find an orchestral symphony by Wagner? or an instrumental concerto? or a mass? or an oratorio? He is known to us almost exclusively by his operatic works. His *Rienzi*, in which he confessedly sought to emulate the grandiose style of Meyerbeer and Halévy, was a lamentable failure. *Der Fliegende Holländer* is a second-rate, if not a third-rate work. *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* (the last-named especially) are operas in which creative genius is often revealed, combined with consummate mastery of orchestral resources. These three works may possibly keep the stage for some years to come. *Tristan und Isolde*, *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, and the blasphemous *Parsifal* are not likely to attain wide popularity so long as the inherent instincts of mankind lead them to prefer symmetrical form to capricious incoherence; so long as the love of melody is universal; so long as honest men and women shrink from the presentation of incest and blasphemy as constituents of a dramatic spectacle.

While the able and justly popular Hans Richter continues his invaluable aid as conductor of the concerts which bear his name they are likely to prosper. For his sake we wish them prosperity. For the sake of art we wish that the great Viennese conductor would almost wholly put aside the hackneyed Wagner repertory, and devote his abilities to the exposition of high-class works selected on eclectic principles.—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.

Mr Walter Macfarren will deliver his lecture "The Literature of the Pianoforte," illustrated by "Recitals" of celebrated compositions, at Birmingham and neighbourhood throughout the week commencing 13th October.

MUSIC AT COLOGNE.

(From a Correspondent, September 24.)

Since my report on music in April last, for which you so kindly found room in your esteemed publication, such important changes have taken place here that I thought it advisable to inform you of them, notwithstanding our season has not yet commenced.

At the close of the last Gürzenich Concert (at which, as we reported last season, Handel's *Messiah* was given), Herr Dr von Hiller, the old and much-loved leader, resigned both the conductorship of the Gürzenich Concerts and the post of director of the Conservatoire of Music, and announced his intention of withdrawing from public life. He had devoted himself to both posts for thirty-five years; ill health was the cause assigned for his resignation. As Dr von Hiller is now in his seventy-third year, we can quite understand his wanting the rest he has so honourably earned, and which we so heartily wish him. His successor, both as conductor of the Gürzenich Concerts and as director of the Conservatoire of Music, is Herr Prof. Dr Franz Wüllner, formerly director of the Königliche Conservatoire of Music, and of the church choir in Dresden, also of the Philharmonic Concerts in Berlin. The well-known talent of Herr Dr Wüllner is a satisfactory proof of the care exercised by the committees of both societies in their choice of a new conductor and of his ability to continue the work in which his precursor was so successful.

The first Gürzenich Concert is announced for September 28th, and the Conservatoire commences on October 1st. In connection with the last named a new branch has been opened, viz., instruction in the playing of wind instruments, in addition to string instruments, pianoforte, and singing. The school for choir singing has also been enlarged. The secretary of the Conservatoire will have pleasure in sending any one it may interest a prospectus of either of the above named classes.

The Cologne Stadttheater re-opened on August 31st with Verdi's *Troubadour*, which opera, as well as those which have since been performed, viz., *Johann v. Paris*, *Fliegender Holländer*, *Martha*, *Zaar und Zimmermann*, *Hugentoten*, *Faust*, *Tell*, *Freischütz*, *Don Juan*, *Hans Heiling*, *Rigoletto*, and *Fra Diavolo*, have all been well got up, and, with few trifling alterations, entirely satisfied critical but appreciative audiences.

Among the new operas which our enterprising manager is preparing for our delectation, I may mention *Lakmé*, by Delibes; *Andreasfist*, by Grammann; and *Trompeter von Säckingen*, by Nessler. Very little change has occurred amongst the "personal," excepting in the orchestra, where Herr Kleffel has been engaged to lighten the labors of, and take equal rank with, the former leader, Herr Mühlendorfer. The concertmeister, Hollaender, and Herr Ebert, teachers at the Conservatoire of Music, have accepted the post of leaders of the first violins and violoncellos respectively.

MR HENRY IRVING.—A telegram from Quebec announces the arrival of Mr Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the other members of the Lyceum company, on Saturday last—all well. Their arrangements in Canada are as follows:—On the 30th Sept. they were to open at Quebec and play *The Merchant of Venice*. Next day, at Montreal, *The Merchant* again; Oct. 2nd, *Much Ado About Nothing*; 3rd, *Hamlet*; 4th, *Much Ado* at a *matinée*, and *Louis XI.* at night. Hamilton, on the 6th, *The Merchant*; Toronto, 7th, *Merchant*; 8th, *Much Ado*; 9th, same; 10th, *Hamlet*; 11th, *Merchant* at *matinée*, and *Louis XI.* Buffalo, 13th, *Louis XI.*; 14th, *Much Ado*; 15th, *Merchant*. The 16th will be occupied with travel. Albany, 17th, *Merchant*; 18th, *Much Ado* at *matinée*, *Louis XI.* at night. Boston is to be reached on the 20th. It will be seen that neither *The Bells*, *Charles I.*, nor *The Belle's Stratagem* are to be given, and *Hamlet* is only down once.—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.

There appears to have been an affecting scene at the retirement of M. Padeloup, for whose benefit a Concert was organized by MM. Faure and Colonne. At a given moment, according to a French contemporary, "the illustrious author of *Faust* came forward to present Padeloup with triumphal wreaths, accompanying the act by a little speech well conceived and expressed with simplicity. General emotion. People wept among the audience and on the platform. Gounod and Padeloup, with their cataract of beard, looked like marine deities. It was a symphony of tears—the most beautiful music of the heart. No one present will forget the splendid homage rendered to an artist who belongs to the race of apostles, and in whose soul there is faith." The foregoing is all very well, and we rejoice that the benefit Concert gave M. Padeloup some £4,000 upon which to retire in comfort, but why should he and Gounod be likened to Neptunes. French journalists are as unable to refrain from such vagaries as was Mr Dick to keep King Charles's head out of the famous Memorial.—*Lute*.

NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The twenty-first of these triennial celebrations—which takes place next month—will be the last provincial festival of the kind for the year. The production of the new oratorio, *The Rose of Sharon*, is looked forward to with much interest, its composer—Mr A. C. Mackenzie—having gained distinction by previous works, notably by his opera *Colomba*. Having been favoured by the publishers—Messrs Novello, Ewer & Co.—with a copy of the printed music in anticipation of its issue to the public, we are justified in holding out expectations of a successful reception of the work. The words selected from Holy Scripture are skilfully adapted for the purposes by Mr Joseph Bennett, who is doubly qualified for the task by literary powers and musical attainments. Mr Mackenzie calls his work a “dramatic” oratorio; a title of which we shall have something to say hereafter. It would be unjust as well as premature to offer any comments on the music from a mere perusal of the piano-forte score before the performance of the oratorio with the important accessories of vocal soloists, chorus, and orchestra. Pending this event (to take place on October 16) we may draw attention to the fact of the production of an important work in the highest school of musical composition by a composer of acknowledged power, who has apparently put forth his best efforts on this occasion. That the oratorio contains much that is beautiful as well as characteristic is evident even from the slight acquaintance already made with it. *The Rose of Sharon* is dedicated to the Crown Princess of Germany. Other novelties are also to be brought out at the forthcoming Norwich Festival—an *Elegiac Ode*, composed by Mr C. V. Stanford to text by Walt Whitman; a tenor scena, *Apollo's Invocation*, written specially for Mr Maas by M. Massenet; a March by Sir J. Benedict, a Madrigal by Mr Barnby, and part-songs by Drs Hill and Bunnett. The festival opens with Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, on Tuesday evening, October 14; the other oratorios announced being Gounod's *Redemption* and Handel's *Messiah*. The miscellaneous evening concerts will comprise, besides the secular novelties specified, many interesting features. The principal vocalists at present named are Mme Patey, Misses Emma Nevada, A. Williams, and Damian, Messrs E. Lloyd, Maas, Santley, and Thorndike. With such efficient soloists, a fine band and chorus, Mr Randegger as conductor, and a programme of varied attractions, the Norwich Festival of 1884 promises to be of more than average importance.—H. J. L. (D. N.)

VIENNA.

(Correspondence.)

Johann Strauss will on the 15th inst. celebrate his fortieth anniversary as composer and conductor. The celebration will naturally take place in the Theater an der Wien, the scene of many of his greatest successes. Mme Geistinger will appear on the occasion. The performance will consist either of a *potpourri* of the most popular melodies from the composer's *buffo* operas, or of an act each from three of those works. It may not be generally known that, strange to say, the composer's father, Johann Strauss, Senr, would not hear of his sons being brought up as musicians. The consequence was that young Johann, after attending the Gymnasium bei den Schotten and the Polytechnic Institution, entered the Savings' Bank as a supernumerary, with a view to obtaining a permanent situation there. Ludwig Scheyrer, the writer, initiated him into the mysteries of accounts. But the boy's talent, which developed itself at an early period, was not to be kept down. His mother secretly engaged a master to give him lessons on the violin, and he studied the theory of composition under Joseph Drechsler, chapelmaster at the Cathedral, so that, when only in his twelfth year, he was able to compose a waltz. Thus it came to pass that, unable any longer to submit to his father's will, and backed by his mother, he threw up his position in the Savings' Bank, and became a conductor, like his stern parent. On the 15th October, 1844, he appeared for the first time with his band at Dommayer's Casino, Hietzing, where his father had executed some of his most splendid waltzes. The youthful conductor played his own compositions: a quadrille and a polka, the “Gunstwerber Walzer,” and the “Sinnegedicht Walzer,” having to repeat the two latter five times. As a sort of peace-offering to his father, against whose wish and express command he had embraced the musical profession, he gave also, and had to repeat three times, the elder composer's “Loreley Walzer.”—Jahn, director of the Imperial Operahouse, has addressed a circular to the members of the company, requesting them in future not to encourage the clique and to be more careful in the selection of the persons to whom they give the orders they obtain from the management. “As the clique,” Jahn writes, quoting from a communication addressed to him by the Intendant-General, “is mostly recruited from those who are presented with orders by the artists, it is presumed that the artists

themselves, mindful of the position they hold in so famous an institution, will gradually become convinced that their strength lies only in the sympathy of the public and the kindly furtherance of their interests by the authorities of the Theatre, and not in applause of which it is very easy to divine the source, and which is calculated only to provoke a reaction on the part of all impartial persons.” Jahn adds a hope that the artists, for their own sake, will do their best to put an end to the abuse in question, and maintain the dignity of the Imperial Operahouse.

FOREIGN BUDGET.

(From Correspondents.)

CARLSBAD.—The Stadttheater is being pulled down. It was opened on the 22nd July, 1788, with *Le Nozze di Figaro*, preceded by a prologue written for the occasion by the then manager, C. A. Faller. The last performance took place on the 15th September, the piece being Raimund's *Verschwendler*.

WIESBADEN.—A phenomenal tenor has been discovered in the person of Carl Weyser, “Doctor utriusque Juris,” who, bidding adieu to Themis, with her sword and scales, has made up his mind to devote himself in future to the service of Euterpe. He will shortly make his first appearance on any stage at the Ducal Theatre here as Raoul in *Les Huguenots*.

ROTTERDAM.—In place of S. de Lange, Sen. (father of the well-known organist, Herr S. de Lange, Cologne), who died some months since, M. H. van 't Kruijs, pupil of W. F. G. Nicolai, of the Conservatory of Music at the Hague, has been appointed, from among 14 other candidates, organist of the Great Church and teacher of the organ in the School of Music attached to the local branch of the Society for the Promotion of Music.

LEIPZIG.—According to Report, the New Concerthouse, otherwise the New Gewandhaus, will be opened with a certain amount of solemnity, which will take the form of three concerts, constituting a kind of Musical Festival, on the 11th, 12th, and 13th December. The programme on the first evening will comprise Beethoven's Overture, *Zur Weihe des Hauses*, and Ninth Symphony, with Mendelssohn's Psalm, “Da Israel aus Aegyptien zog.” On the second evening the work performed will be Handel's *Messiah*. The programme for the third evening is not yet settled, but it is tolerably certain that J. S. Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Weber, Schumann, and, probably, Schubert, will find places in it, and that Joseph Joachim will play. —The following concert on the 19th December will be a Rubinstein Concert, at which that composer's *Thurm zu Babel* will be performed, and he himself play in one of his own concertos.

LUCERNE.—Joseph Rubinstein, the pianist and composer, who, by the way, was not related to Anton Rubinstein, has committed suicide. He resided for some years with Wagner at Bayreuth, and one of his principal works was the transcription of *Parsifal* for the piano. He killed himself from despair of achieving renown as a composer. He was scarcely 35 years of age.

BERLIN.—The season at Kroll's Theater, which began on the 3rd May, came to a close on the 21st September, and that of the Summer Opera, at the Luisenstädtisches Theater, which commenced on the 1st May, also terminated on the 21st ult.—Anton Rubinstein is expected on the 12th November, to superintend the concluding rehearsals of his *Velorenes Paradies*, which will be performed by the St Cecilia Association, under his direction, on the 17th of the above month.—The public performances of Stern's Vocal Association will commence for the season on the 31st inst., when Mendelssohn's *St Paul* will be given, with Mdle Oberbeck, Franz Litzinger, and Georg Henschel, as solo singers.—It is not often that a dancer leaves a fortune behind him. But Herr Böhme, who held a modest position in the ballet at the Royal Operahouse, and who died a short time since, has bequeathed to his heirs 750,000 marks, or £37,500, the result of lucky speculations.

HAMBURG.—On the 16th September, the tenth anniversary of his undertaking the management of the Stadttheater, Pollini was presented by the artists and others engaged on the establishment with a silver inkstand.

Mr Goring Thomas's opera, *Esmeralda*, was produced on Saturday evening, September 27th, with complete and brilliant success, at the Stadttheater, Hamburg. In all respects the performance, conducted by Mr Alberto Randegger, who went thither for the purpose, was excellent. The principals were Miss Pollack, of Berlin, Mr Wellinger, as Phœbus, Dr Kraus as Quasimodo, and Herr Sessman as Frollo. There were fifteen recalls in the course of the evening, the tenor and baritone song being repeated.

MARRIAGE.

On October the 1st, HENRY M. MORRIS, of 27, Throgmorton Street, and 38, Hamilton Terrace, St John's Wood, to JULIE, only daughter of ADOLPHE POLLITZER, of 27, Lorne Gardens, Hanover Gate.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1884.

SIR GEORGE MACFARREN'S ADDRESS.

(To the Students of the Royal Academy of Music.)

After expressing regret at the loss they had all sustained by the death of Mr George Benson, one of the professors, Sir George Macfarren (who received a cordial greeting) referred to the influence which the pupils and the professors had over each other. He maintained that it was not an assumption to declare that each of them was in personal, and, he believed, friendly relationship with those great masters whose works they studied. A man who produced a work of art impressed himself upon that work, and communicated it to all who brought the study of it into the duties of their lives; and thus, at their academy, they made themselves at home with the greatest masters who had practised the art which they pursued with love and emulation. To master these great works, however, to do justice to their own love and to these great legacies, it was necessary for them to acquire facilities with which they had not been originally endowed by nature. To that end it was indispensable in every department of music that particular mechanical exercises should be pursued, to give each musician the capability of expressing the feelings and thoughts which ran in his heart and mind. It was common to call such exercises "technical" studies. He questioned the propriety of the word, but they might accept it. It was absolutely necessary for instrumental musicians to exercise the fingers, the wrists, and the palms; and the same necessity rested with vocalists. The ability to express their own feelings in the measure they sang could be attained only through the practice of exercises exclusively. The same remarks applied with equal truth to those who practised composition. The technical studies of the composer were the constant exercise in counterpoint, and it was not because one had a natural fluency in the production of graceful melodies that one was exempt from these studies, which were indispensable to all who aimed at artistic excellence. He knew for a fact that some of the most distinguished musicians now living fulfilled self-imposed tasks of contrapuntal exercises. Not only was it necessary for all who would pretend to the glorious delight of producing music of their own to work at the exercise of counterpoint; they must likewise practice mental gymnastics in the analysis of the works of great masters, and dissect a piece of music as a surgeon would dissect his subject. The study of plan was one of the most interesting to musicians; and the study of orchestration by reading the scores of great masters was another pursuit of all-absorbing interest. To have, as in the case of their Academy, the opportunity of frequently hearing orchestral combinations and of comparing the sounds which one heard with the written signs from which these sounds were produced, was the best of all possible means for studying the art of instrumentation. Instrumentation was in itself a peculiar but a very important branch of musical composition. One might describe it as the chemistry of music—the considering of the qualities of tone in their several separate effects, of one or another instrument, of one or another voice, and then observing how these qualities of tone were changed when two or many of them came to be combined—how some would predominate through massive combinations, how others would be entirely absorbed in the mass of sound. Just as, in the combination of drugs, whatever might be put together, in this

instance the bitter, in that instance the salt, would still predominate in the mixture, and in some other instances a new taste was developed, which was not represented by any one of the ingredients taken alone.

In the same way a new sound was generated by the mixture of several qualities of tone. The organ bore many points of analogy to the orchestra, many points of difference. There was nothing in musical study which had so remarkably changed within the period of living persons as the practice of the organ. The structure of the organ itself had been almost entirely reversed within fifty or sixty years from the instrument which existed previously throughout the country. The organ of old could only be used in a very few keys, but now-a-days it was as free for use in every key of music as the pianoforte. We were obliged upon these keyed instruments to accept a compromise of intonation. Again, the reason for the charm which vocal performances and performances upon bowed instruments exercised on the hearer was chiefly derived from the fact that true intonation could be given upon them which was impracticable upon tempered instruments. Let them, however, be thankful for the equal temperament which brought such a very close approximation to musical truth in the division of the octave into twelve degrees, as affording pleasure that was boundless in the music which they performed.

Having spoken of the wonderfully complicated nature of the organ, he observed that the structure of the pianoforte was in itself an accumulation of the knowledge of several generations of men. The pianoforte was now so constructed that it yielded instantly to the touch of the player, but depended upon that touch for its quality of tone. It was "touch" upon the pianoforte which distinguished the pianist as much as quality of voice distinguished the singer. Speaking of the structure of the violin, he asked them to consider what beautiful art had been exercised in its development as an instrument, and what rude originals preceded the violin as we now had it. The productions of those who had effected such improvements were to be regarded not as the works of manufacturers but as works of art in themselves, which exemplified this, to him, highly gratifying fact—that beauty was not one-fold; that if there was to be beauty of tone there must be with it beauty of form, beauty of preparation, and, above all things, beauty of workmanship. He urged them never to weary of the study of a great work, and never to cast it aside until they had gathered into themselves the beauties it comprised, until they had attained the capability of expressing its beauties to those who would listen to them. Every portion of their work should be finished to the utmost of their capability, and no passage should be set aside as being of comparative unimportance with the rest. They must feel that they had critics on their right hand and critics on their left hand—critics listening to their bass and tenor parts, to the principal melody, to the excellence of their part writings, critics who would notice whether the left hand was too loud for the right or the right hand too loud for the left, critics who would notice a break in the voice which was not carefully covered; and in every department of musical exercises they might be quite sure that there were keener ears for faults than for beauties. Let them, then, aim at making everything as nearly perfect as they could, and they might be quite sure that when that aim had been carried to the utmost they would still be a long way, on one side or the other, from the bull's eye. Perfection was a point which he felt that no Queen's prize would enable anyone to hit exactly in the centre. Very important towards this end of perfecting the tasks they undertook was to endeavour to finish each one before another was assumed. They knew the French proverb—"It is the first step that costs." Let them add to that the necessary sequel—it is the last step that pays. He could but wish to them all continued success, such as had attended the previous work at their Academy. It was in the hands of the professors and the pupils to maintain the character which the institution had held for 62 years. They were entering upon their ninth apprenticeship of seven years, and he urged them to let this 63rd year be a worthy culmination of all the work which had gone before. (The speaker resumed his seat amid cheers.)

AN UNKNOWN PIECE BY STERNDAL BENNETT.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—A recent notice of new musical publications, in the *Lady's Pictorial*, under the well-known signature "F. F.," contains the subjoined:—

"An Album Leaf" for Piano, by Wm. Sterndale Bennett.

"This elegant piece in $\frac{3}{4}$ time and in E flat major will be a treasure to persons in search of novelties for the pianoforte. I had at first thought it must be an excerpt from one of the composer's suites of short pieces; but, though intimately acquainted with his works, I fail to recognize the present publication; I presume, therefore, that it is posthumous. It begins:



Reading the above, I immediately called the piece to memory. It originally appeared in a music-serial called *The Harmonist* (published by J. Limbird, of the Strand, inventor and proprietor of the *Mirror*—price 2d.—our first cheap literary periodical), somewhere about 1840, the editor being then a gentleman who had the MS. from Bennett himself. It was reprinted, years later, I believe, in the *Musical World*, when under the superintendence of Messrs Boosey & Sons, with the same gentleman as editor. How it came into the hands of the present publishers, I cannot say; nor am I aware that it was ever assigned over to anybody.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,
J. R. CLEACH.

Newcastle-under-Lyne, Sept. 25.

MR JOSEPH BENNETT is just now at Brighton, enjoying well-earned repose. He intends being present at the Norwich Festival; after which he will take a trip to the Continent for two or three months. May health and good spirits accompany him!

On the 1st inst. *The Musical Times*, our oldest and most venerated contemporary issued its 500th impression. May it issue 500 more, and enlighten generations to come!—D. B.

ANOTHER volume of Sir George Grove's exhaustive *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* has been issued. The respected editor is absolutely indefatigable, and merits all the encomiums that have been lavished on his work.

Punch has an article upon Mrs Kendal's Brummagem paper on the Drama, which should be read from John-o'-Groats to Land's End, so thoroughly admirable is it—and to the points at issue.—Dr Wiffr.

THE SPENCER CORONA.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I also have enjoyed several opportunities of testing the worth of this new discovery, and can freely endorse all you recently said in its favour in your answer to a correspondent of the *Musical World*. More should be written and known of "Spencer's Corona." To musicians it would be of invaluable service. I am a teacher and practiser of music myself, and have to read, write, play, and compose by

GASLIGHT.

Leeds, October 1st.

THE MUSICIANS OF ARISTOPHANES.*

A FANCY FROM THE ANTIQUE.

(Continued from page 609.)

CHORUS.

Iacchus. Venerated God, come to this meadow, your favourite resort; come, and direct the sacred choruses of the Initiated. Let a thick crown of myrtle boughs loaded with fruit be cradled on your head, and your daring foot mark the free dance inspired by the Graces, the religious and pure dance which our choruses repeat. *Xanthias*. (comically).—O daughter of Ceres, august and venerated, what a delicious perfume of pork! *Bacchus*.—Can you not be quiet, directly you smell the scent of meat? *The Chorus*. (waving the burning torches and reviving their brilliancy).—*Iacchus*! O *Iacchus*! Bright star of our nocturnal mysteries, the meadow sparkles with a thousand fires; the old men throw off the weight of their cares and many years; and you, happy one, guide upon this humid carpet of flowers the dances of youth.

Then came a ballet of old men, children, and maidens. A pantomimist, clad in a tiger's skin, represented by his actions various portions of the history of *Bacchus*.

The Chorus.—Let the hymns be now addressed to Ceres, the queen of harvests, the goddess crowned with wheat-ears; to her we dedicate the accents of our divine concerts. And do you, venerated *Bacchus*, *Bacchus*, god of the dance, guide our steps.

Bacchus (in the front of the stage).—Yes, I love to join these choruses; I will dance and sport with them.

Xanthias.—And so do I. (He dances in a grotesque manner).

The representatives of the old Pelasgi and of the first Hellenes then appear upon the stage. A man wearing a peacock's skin for a girdle is seen as an illuminated shadow; he is followed by the apparitions of gods and goddesses. All this is accompanied by music. First comes Mars, who had a temple at Athens, with his gold helmet, ornamented on each side with tufts of white feathers, his shield with the Gorgon's head, his enmities,† and his sword. The chorus, flutes, and voices accompany the entrance of this figure with songs and airs in the Doric and Phrygian Modes, which, Plato says, were calculated to educate warriors. Ceres, mourning for the loss of her daughter, Proserpine, is then beheld; she is weeping in the Myxolydian Mode, rendered chromatic and enharmonic by half and quarter tones. Lastly, there comes Minerva herself, the protectress of Athens, such as Phidias had lately represented her; with arms and breast of ivory, with the serpent rising up by her side, with her garments of massive gold, and with her eyes of transparent stones. These apparitions were rendered living and gigantic by optical contrivances tolerably similar—if we may believe James Christie and M. de Sainte-Croix—to those of our own magic lanterns. The voices and instruments then united in a majestic and sonorous whole, rising to the sky. After the stage business and hymns, the piece continued, resuming the satirical and familiar tone of its commencement. "Let us sing and dance," said the Chorus, bantering the parsimony of the Choragus.‡ "We have nothing to spoil; our garments are dirty and worn out, our buskins are in tatters. Here is a young girl who would even do well to mend her dress, for we can see her bosom through the rent in her tunic. And do you, Clisthenes, you greatest of rascals, imitate the grief of the women of Athens; tear your cheeks and roll upon the tomb of Sabinus."

* From *L'Art Musical*.

† *Kyniades*, "graves."—TRANSLATOR.

‡ *Xorayds*, "a chorus-leader;" also "the person who paid the cost of the chorus."—TRANSLATOR.

Murmurs were heard, especially for the last minute or two, among the actors; old Magnes had already spoken three times—with reference to all this stage business, which struck him as being, to say the least, useless—of the early days of tragedy, when Prynicius, the last imitators of whom he had known, obtained grand effects by exhibiting on the stage Achilles and Niobe, gigantic in size, seated and veiled, without pronouncing a word. "And were," he asked, "these dances brought from Persia, in which the dancers of both sexes gesticulated with their heads downwards, worth even the naïf gambols, in which the disciples of Thespis, full of the god who inspired them, pushed and ran against each other, a prey to sacred delirium?"

"By the way, too, there is one thing which perplexes me more and more, Master," said a musician named Lassus. "Where have you laid the action you are now making us represent?"—"Near Agræ, on the road to Athens, and close to the Illysus," replied Aristophanes.—"Great gods!" exclaimed Lassus, breaking his flute, to punish it for having taken part, perhaps, in a sacrilege! "Then what you have dared to bring upon the stage of Athens are the Mysteries of Eleusis!" An almost general cry of indignation arose from the company of actors. "The idea of putting on the stage the Mysteries of Eleusis, which in more severe times the profane were prohibited, on pain of death, from knowing and revealing; of causing Bacchus himself to do and say such infamous things, and that, too, in the presence of his priests who will not fail to attend the performance to-morrow! Never will we lend our voices and instruments to such audacity and such impiety!"—"Listen," said Aristophanes, "and, if I have done wrong, let my own life and that of my sons answer for it. We no longer live in the age of Hercules; the robust and naïf faith of our fathers exists no more! As in my comedy, there are two Bacchuses: one living, material, and familiar to the people; the other, lofty, divine, glorified in choruses and hymns, and beginning to be known by enlightened society at Athens. In olden days, the second Bacchus was concealed in the first, as the grandson of Cadmus was hidden in Jupiter's hip; but the time has come to cause the God to issue from his father's flank; to render at length the divine essence of the gods known and understood by contrasting with them on the stage the vain and impure forms in which you dare to represent them. This is why the Mysteries of Eleusis must be revealed, even though, for unveiling them, we are destined to be consumed by the light, as Semele, the mother of the God, with whose anger you threaten me, was consumed by the eternal brilliancy." Seeing that the murmurs redoubled, and that cries of putting him to death began to be mingled with them, Aristophanes, turning to the people, who had invaded the theatre, added: "I know, Athenians, that you curse me; you tremble at my audacity which prevents you from living peaceably, crowning yourselves with roses, and quietly drinking the wine of Cos; but, if I have risked my life, by seizing with an avenging hand, and at the risk of being wounded by it myself, the scorpion-whip of Nemesis, it is because, between what ought no longer to be and what you do not yet understand, Heaven for you is empty. Vice and corruption have invaded you and remain unpunished, for you have no longer the courage either to punish perfidy or to say what is the truth."—"Do you understand him?" asked the Spartan, Automedon, of the flautist, Cennus.—"I? not the least in the world," replied the musician.—"Yes, you are right, Master," said Dexieithus, going up to Aristophanes, now threatened with death. "Diffuse light; strike, at the risk of defiling your hand, on the vices and crimes of Athens. Show us the double gods as represented by our infantine traditions and as our minds are beginning to conceive them! Yes, you are right: at Athens, as in your comedy, there are to-day two Bacchuses, as there will soon be two Jupiters, one adored by the people and another who is."—"Death to the blasphemers! To the sea with them! Hemlock for Aristophanes!" cried the actors and the people. "Death to the enemy of our gods and our belief, to the revealer of the Mysteries, the blasphemer of popular virtue, the adversary of Cleon! Let him die!" "You speak of your generals," continued Aristophanes. "Among them, also, there are speculators like the infamous Cleon, a coward and a thief, whom I pursued in life, and whose memory my verses shall pursue till I have dishonoured it in the eyes of posterity." "Cleon was no coward," said Magnes, raising his hand. "Do not forget that he died for his country on the battle-field of Amphipolis!" "His death did not atone for his life," said Aristophanes, with rage. "Ask

Demosthenes and Nicias. An Athenian general never survived defeat! You like him, you populace, because, when the democratic party triumphed at Athens, he caused the salary of the judges to be raised to three oboli, and each of you hopes to become a judge. But, in the time of his power, when you were all prostrating yourselves before his false victories, and the pretended services rendered by him to his country, I, without fearing the arms he flung away on the field of battle, brought him on this stage, my tribunal of justice, and accused him before the people."—"Why reckon it so great a crime in Cleon to have thrown down his arms?" said Cennus. "Could he not purchase others?" The celebrated flautist's simplicity began to turn the fury of the people and the actors to gaiety. "Do not mention Cleon before my father," said the second son of Aristophanes, or his rage will drive him mad."—"It is strange," observed Cennus, whom the young man seemed to address, "I cannot think whom this young man is like, and yet I am sure he resembles somebody I once knew."

"Yes!" continued Aristophanes, who seemed as though about to grow delirious with passion, "yes, I held Cleon up to public ridicule, and one day when I was to represent him on this stage, and the vile workpeople, for fear of his fury, did not dare to paint me a mask like him, I painted the mask on my own features, and saw tears of rage falling from the eyes of your Cleon, that shoemaker, that currier, disguised as a soldier. But, Athenians, though I have denounced prevaricators and faithless generals, though I have laughed at the weaknesses of your priests, and though I have offended your vain superstition, I have respected your great men, and your pure glory."

During the last few instants a pale, thin individual, had approached the knot of actors. "Be off with you, dog!" said Cennus, driving him away, and apparently ready to fall upon him.—"Who is that man? What has he done to be treated thus?" enquired the young girl with the torn robe.—"He?" replied the old singer. "That is Melitus, the wretch who dared to accuse Socrates!"—"Socrates!" said as though with one voice the entire body of actors. A moment of embarrassment followed.—"Socrates!" repeated sorrowfully Aristophanes. "I am innocent of that just man's death! But the simplicity of Cennus has just touched the only mournful point in my thoughts, and reminded me of perhaps my sole ground for remorse. O Socrates! I wanted to defend against the new education you advised for these young people the rude and laborious labours which formed the men of Marathon!"—"Come," said Callimachus, the master of the music, "let us get on; for my own part I am very proud of having some share in the courage and work of Aristophanes."—"And all the more so," remarked Automedon, famous for his rapid strains in the Orthian and Enoplian Modes, "because the Master alone is responsible for his play. If there is any remuneration, it will be for us; if there is any chastisement, it will affect only him."—"Well, well, let us get on," observed the dancer, Menocrates. "I am familiar with the piece. There is now only a literary quarrel with the object of deciding to whom the throne of tragedy belongs, to Æschylus or Euripides; it is simply most horribly wearisome; if the scenery does not save it, the piece will achieve no success; no one will talk about it the day after to-morrow."—"Come, citizens, let us continue," said Aristophanes' younger son.—"I have just found out whom that young man, who performs the duties of stage-manager, and whom his father cannot endure, resembles," said Cennus in a low voice. Then, pleased with himself, and wishing everyone to profit by his discovery, he added aloud: "By the gods! He resembles Cleon!" Perceiving, by the silence which fell on all around him, that he had made some fresh blunder, he had recourse to his usual expedient: he applied his flute to his lips and drew from it delicious melody. Aristophanes, buried in thought, appeared to listen silently. The actors did not utter a word. One of them, however, went up to the poet whose glance was lost in vacancy, as though the past, a sad past, were displayed before him! Large tears were rolling slowly down his bronzed cheeks. "O Cleon!" he murmured. The piece went on, resumed by the actors, who were reassured and appeased. EUGÈNE GAUTIER.

MINNIE HAWK commenced, on the 21st September, a short engagement in Prague at the great Neustädter Theater, which was crowded, the opera being *Carmen*.

CONCERT.

MDME VIARD-LOUIS' RECITALS.—The inhabitants of Richmond enjoyed a rare treat on Thursday, Sept. 25th, when Mdme Viard-Louis gave the first of her three recitals. How she interprets Beethoven is well known, and that she was appreciated by her Richmond audience was shown by the unanimous recall after the "Moonlight" Sonata, the opening part of which was given with the perfection of repose. The same well-deserved compliment was paid to her after the "Novellette" in F major (Schumann) and the "Danse des Sylphes" (Fumagalli), also after the "Sonata Chromatische" (Raif), which she played with Signor Guerini (violin). The vocalist was Mdme A. Hirtmann, who gave the quaint "Ah! se tu m'ami" (Pergolesi) admirably, and "La Fioraja" (Bevignani), for which she had a recall. She also contributed "Voi che sapete" (Mozart), "Ah! fors'è lui" (Verdi), and the "Sorrentina de Piccolino" (Guiraud). Signor Guerini's solos were "Adagio" and "Gondoliera" (Ries). He was much applauded, and returned to bow his acknowledgments. Mdme Viard-Louis, who also played "The Harmonious Blacksmith" (Handel) and "Andante and Rondo Capriccioso" (Mendelssohn), concluded the concert by a marvellous rendering of the "Légende de St. François de Paule" (Liszt).—E. S. M.

PROVINCIAL.

TWEEKSBURY.—The Annual Festival of neighbouring choirs was held at the Abbey Church, on Tuesday, September 23rd, when the chorus consisted of about 550 voices. The Festival is held in commemoration of the re-opening of the Abbey Church after restoration, and in aid of the fund for the further restoration required. This year it is in connection with an octave of services commencing on Sunday, September 21st, and concluding on Sunday, September 28th. The Festival service commenced at three o'clock, and the church was filled some time before that hour, when there was a procession of the choir and clergy, with banners and band, singing the hymn, "Brightly gleams our banner" (Henry Smart). The first part of the service was intoned by the Rev. H. Clifford, Precentor of the Abbey, and the latter part by the Rev. J. Knight-Law, senior curate. The Psalms were the 136th, 137th, and 138th, set to music by C. H. Lloyd, M.A., Mus. Bac., and the *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* were also Mr Lloyd's. The First Lesson was read by the Rev. Thurston Rivington, vicar of St Nicholas, Warwick, and formerly curate and precentor of the Abbey, and the Second Lesson by the Vicar of Tewkesbury, the Rev. Hemming Robeson. The anthem, "One thing have I desired of the Lord," was specially composed for this Festival by the Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart., M.A., Mus. Doc., and consisted of full and semi-choruses, with a small portion for the principal voices only. The choruses were well sustained, and were full of musical vigour. The preacher was the Rev. W. J. Knox-Little, canon of Worcester, who preached an eloquent sermon from 21st Revelations, 25th and following verses, and was listened to with marked attention by the large congregation, numbering nearly 3,000. The Recessional hymn was, "The Church's one foundation" (H. Smart), and was the only part—says *Berrow's Journal*—in which there was a fault to find with the choir, the time not being good. Altogether, however, the conductor, Mr D. Hemmingway, F.C.O., organist and choirmaster, is to be congratulated upon the musical success of the festival. The organist for the occasion was Mr H. Rogers, from Christ Church, Cheltenham. The offertory amounted to £54 5s. 3d., against £39 last year.

NORWICH.—Aptommas, the well-known harpist, gave a recital on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 20th, in Noverre's Rooms. His chief pieces were Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata (which was admirably given) and a Grand Fantasia by Parish Alvares on themes from "*I Montecchi e Capuletti*." In addition, he played several of his own arrangements of English, Scotch, and Welsh melodies, including "Home, Sweet Home."

The private performances of *Parsifal* for King Ludwig alone will not, as announced, take place in Bayreuth, but at the Theatre Royal, Munich, and, probably, on the 3rd, 5th, and 7th November.

ARCAÇON (From a Correspondent).—After spending a few weeks in Normandy, M. Gounod has come here, busily employed on a lyrical drama, the subject of which is taken from Lamartine's *Jocelyn*. Two Sundays ago, his *Messe solennelle de Sainte Cécile* was performed, under his own direction, in the church of Notre Dame. The vocal portion was entrusted to Mdme Martin-Murat, MM. Surool and Dunoy, assisted by a chorus of eighty. The orchestra was sixty strong.

THE CHURCH AS A TEMPLE OF THE "DIVINE" ART, OR A PLEA FOR ORATORIO IN THE CHURCH.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The somewhat strange sermon recently preached by Canon Knox-Little on the occasion of the special opening service of the 161st Worcester Musical Festival held in the Cathedral, induces the thoughtful to reflect on the desirability and advantages of music held in places of public worship. The Canon, in a lengthy and appropriate sermon as regards the subject, though wanting in accuracy in several musical details, struck the right nail on the head when he advocated the performance of sacred music in churches, &c., under certain conditions; he says: "The fact that our festival is held in this stately fane declares that England has never forgotten that her greatest celebrations, her social works, the delights of her beautiful opportunities of intercourse and of admiration of art can never—may it always be so—can never be separated from the great thought conveyed by the prophet, the thought of the presence of the living God. . . . O ye apostles of what is called beauty, in an age that forgets the divine presence and the power of the grace of God, never allow yourselves in music or in other things to take the part of a divorce court between those whom God has indissolubly joined, Goodness and Beauty. If ye love the beauty of the song he has given you, love that which makes it beautiful, the goodness of God." These sentiments expressed from the pulpit by such a prominent member of the Church, necessarily leads the thoughtful to meditate on the desirability of utilizing the Church as a means of propagating music in its genuine and unadulterated form. Taking into consideration the religious question, there is much to be said in favour of rendering in the church that high form of musical art, the sacred oratorio, nor should the repertoire be restricted to works of this description, which, to a certain extent, would narrow the field of choice, but in order to more fully encourage religious emotion through the ideal language and feelings of humanity, and at the same time to develop the effects of the principles of tone and phrase, a wider scope for the selection of appropriate works must be given. This would then include specimens of masterpieces of our greatest composers, whose musical settings have been in many cases a labour of love and inspiration.

Now that the heads of Church and State take an interest in musical education, there should be no difficulty in obtaining the necessary sanction for opening our churches occasionally for sacred music performances. The necessary consent being obtained, it would not entail much of a sacrifice on the part of the local clergy, for our churches, unlike the Continental ones, are closed nearly the whole week, and if they contain historical or interesting relics, are jealously guarded and difficult to enter. To ensure the successful working of such a scheme as the present, the co-operation of several influential persons recruited from professional and amateur musicians, with the help of members of the clergy of broad views, would be necessary. A committee having been formed, the next step would be to submit a list of suitable buildings in well-known places, when a medium sized orchestra, in conjunction with the organ and able, though not necessarily first-class, artists, on account of their exorbitant charges, should be engaged. To avoid any money being taken at the doors, admission must only be obtained by tickets purchased before the day, and in order to guard against any spirit of speculation the charge should be low enough merely to cover working expenses. There are at the present day few opportunities for hearing the able rendering of sacred works, past and present, save one or two societies, whose high prices are prohibitory to a great many, and an occasional odd performance or so. By great care and discretion exercised in the selection of works to be performed the public would be trained to avoid the ugly and bad in form, and the useless and revolting in idea so often the example of latter day realism, and let us hope they would learn to recognize and appreciate pure harmony and unsophisticated composition, which arises spontaneously from the strong love the artist has in his mind of a given subject, works which have been and, no doubt, given the desired patronage and prominence, will be still forthcoming.

W. A. J.

OUR Quebec correspondent telegraphs: "On Tuesday evening Mr Henry Irving produced *The Merchant of Venice* for his first appearance in Canada, playing Shylock, while Miss Ellen Terry made her *début* as Portia. The reception of both artists was enthusiastic in the extreme, and they were repeatedly called forward during the play by the largest and most distinguished audience ever known in the theatre of Quebec. There was at the close of the performance a hearty and universal demonstration of welcome."—D. T.

COVENT GARDEN CONCERTS.

Wednesday, October 1st, should be chronicled as a "red letter day" by English composers, the entire evening being devoted to their works. We subjoin the programme in *extenso* as a "memento":—

- PART I.
Overture.....*The Naiades*..... W. Sterndale Bennett
Conducted by Mr Gwyllyn Crowe.
Rhapsodie Symphonique (first time)..... Hamilton Clarke
(Dedicated to Percy Reeve, Esq.)
Conducted by the Composer.
Recit. and Air.... "Sad heart, oh! take thy rest" (*Evangeline*)
(M^{me} Enriquez.) Virginia Gabriel
Violin Concerto..... Sir G. A. Macfarren
(Mr Carrodus.)
Symphony in B flat minor.... "The Welsh"..... F. H. Coven
Conducted by the Composer.
Concerto in F minor..... Sterndale Bennett
(Pianoforte, Miss Josephine Lawrence.)
Song..... "The Lost Chord"..... Arthur Sullivan
(Signor Foli.)
Overture..... *Hero and Leander*..... Walter Macfarren
Conducted by the Composer.

- PART II.
Overture..... *Lurline*..... Wallace
Ballet Music..... *Colomba*..... Mackenzie
Song..... "The Storm"..... Hullah
(M^{me} Enriquez.)
(Pianoforte, Mr Cliffe, and American Organ, Mr Coward.)
Tarentella..... H. M. Higgs
Conducted by the Composer.
Popular Selection "Reminiscences of Balfe"..... F. Godfrey
Selections from *The Enchantress*, *The Bohemian Girl*, *Daughter of St Mark*, *Rose of Castille*, *The Maid of Artois*, and *The Maid of Honour*.
Orchestra and Band of the Coldstream Guards.
Solos—Pianoforte, "Nocturne" Field, and "Toccata" W. S. Bennett
(Miss Josephine Lawrence.)
Song..... "The Diver"..... Loder
(Signor Foli.)
Waltz "Light o' Love"..... A. G. Crowe
(Cornet obbligato, Mr W. Ellis.)
Polka "Mephisto"..... Percy Reeve
Popular Selection of Old English Melodies..... F. Godfrey
Orchestra and Band of the Coldstream Guards.
Introducing "Down among the dead men," "A Lullaby," "The Carman's Whistle," "Barbara Allen" (Cornet solo, Mr W. Ellis), "Sally in our Alley" (Cornet solo), "Sir Roger de Coverley," "Pray Goody," "Hope, the Hermit," "Tom Bowling" (Euphonium solo, Mr Bourne), "Weel may the keel row" (Piccolo variations, Mr J. Hamilton), "Home, sweet Home" (Cornet solo), "The Bay of Biscay" (Trombone solo, Mr C. Hadfield), "Rule, Britannia."
Grand March..... W. Spark
Orchestra and Band of the Coldstream Guards.

There was a large and enthusiastic audience, who listened throughout with earnest attention, and rewarded the performers, both instrumentalists and vocalists, with hearty applause and "recalls" at the conclusion of each piece. This evening the Band of the Royal Artillery, conducted by Mr Zaverthal, will play from 6 to 8 o'clock, as well as from 9.45 to 10.30, between the parts of the usual concert.

SAVOY THEATRE.

Princess Ida has been so long before the public, to whom the witty libretto of Mr W. S. Gilbert and the delightful music of Sir Arthur Sullivan are now familiar, that little remains to be said respecting its merits. It must, however, be readily acknowledged that the opera bears the test of time, and that its attractions appear to be just as fresh now as when it was first introduced to the public, eight months ago. After a brief interval, during which the artists engaged in the performance of the work took well earned repose, *Princess Ida* was reproduced at the Savoy Theatre, with no change whatever in the original excellent cast, and was warmly welcomed by a large and appreciative audience. How well Miss Leonora Braham fills the part of the Princess, how admirable is her elocution, it is scarcely needful to say. So far as concerns elocutionary power, almost equal praise is due to Miss Brandram (Lady Blanche) who—like Miss Braham—knows how to render comic speeches doubly

comic by intense gravity and seriousness of manner. Miss Jessie Bond (Melissa) brightened the representation by her unfeigned vivacity, and the duet between her and Miss Brandram ("Now wouldn't you like to rule the roast?") was one of the chief successes. Miss Kate Chard was a highly acceptable Lady Psyche, and the three girl graduates, Sacharissa, Chloe, and Ada, were well impersonated by M^{lles} Grey, Heathcote, and Carr. Mr Bracy (Hilarion), Mr Lely (Cyril), and Mr Ryley (Florian) sang and acted with abundant spirit; Mr Barrington (King Hildebrand) sang better in tune than usual, and filled with his customary intelligence a part scarcely worthy his powers. Mr Grossmith, as King Gama, showed how much may be made by a clever actor of small opportunities, and not only earned well-deserved encores for both his songs, but merited great praise for his clear and incisive enunciation of the spiteful speeches he had to declaim. Mr Temple (Arac) sang capably, and was well aided by Mr Gray (Garon) and Mr Lugg (Scynthus). Mr F. Cellier ably conducted the performance, and may be congratulated on its success. The varied, characteristic, and masterly orchestration was sympathetically interpreted, the choruses went well, and the concerted vocal pieces could hardly have been better sung. The lovely quartet, "The world is but a broken toy," sung by Miss Braham, Mr Bracy, Mr Lely, and Mr Ryley, was delightfully executed. Practice has made perfect the company now engaged at the Savoy Theatre, and *Princess Ida* is more attractive than ever.—H. H. (I. S. & D. N.)

SOME NEW SONGS.

(From "The Theatre.")

Our learned musical critic, Mr Beatty Kingston, sends the following paragraph too late for the *Musical Box*, so I give it a place here:—

"Mr Isidore de Lara has written several beautiful songs of late, one and all entitled to the highest rank amongst compositions of their class of the present day, in this or any other country. One of them in particular, a setting of some passionately amorous words by Mr Clement Scott, is, in my humble opinion, a *chef d'œuvre*. The warmth and tenderness that animate Mr Scott's subtly suggestive verses have manifestly struck a responsive chord in the breast of the gifted composer, who has wedded the poet's rapturous reminiscences of 'Last Night' to strains that exercise a strange languid fascination upon their hearers. Such a song as this is the offspring of the heart as well as of the brain, and places its author *en rapport* with all those musical natures in which reason, prudence, and worldly wisdom are subordinate to temperament and sensibility. 'Last Night,' despite its obvious spontaneity, is constructed with masterly ability, and exacts no small measure of executive proficiency from the accompanist as well as the singer. I have seldom experienced keener and completer pleasure than whilst listening to Mr De Lara's rendering of this admirable composition. The musical readers of *The Theatre* will, I believe, derive unmixed gratification from the study of three other songs by the same composer, recently published by Messrs Chappell & Co., under the titles of 'Twin Souls,' 'At Rest,' and 'Where Memory Dwells,' each a musical gem in its way. 'At Rest,' is a brief but exquisitely tender dirge, appealing irresistibly to hearts that have 'loved and lost.' 'Where Memory Dwells' is a scarcely less touching tone-picture of a vision suggesting itself to a troubled and sorrowful spirit; and 'Twin Souls' is a fervid love song, the words of which (by Mr Howard Deazeley) appear to have been inspired by the theory of 'elective affinities,' whilst the music glows with all the fire of earthly love. Mr De Lara is a Minnesinger by instinct and conviction; what he depicts to us in sound is the reality, not the affectation, of amatory passion; in him the artistic faculty of expression is fed and prompted by deep and genuine feeling. "BEATTY KINGSTON."

YANKEE WAGNERIANA.

The Boston Festival this year was killed by too much Wagner, and the public cannot stand "boiler-yard music."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

The recent Wagner musical festival held in Boston proved so successful financially that Mr Wagner thought seriously of giving up the sleeping-car business and devoting his time to music.—*Marlborough Times*.

"Wagner Concerts" are becoming the rage in this country. The trouble with such concerts is that about four-fifths of the audience sit through the entire performance wondering when the members of the orchestra are going to get through tuning up their instruments.—*Norristown Herald*.

EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

EXCERPT No. 65.

(Continued from page 606.)

1815.

The oratorios, which commenced on the 18th of February, were performed at both the winter theatres. Drury Lane began with the first part of Haydn's *Creation*, Beethoven's *Battle Symphony*, &c. Mme Sessi and Mrs Dickons sang with great effect. The first part of the *Creation* was likewise given at Covent Garden. Catalani was not engaged this season, and Miss Stephens, the charms of whose voice were perhaps not inferior to hers, took her place, supported by Mrs Salmon and Braham.

Besides the Ancient, the Vocal, and the Philharmonic concerts, the Marchionesses of Hertford and Salisbury gave concerts at their respective mansions, which drew together all the flower of the *haut ton*.

The only theatrical novelty this season was a new comic opera in two acts, produced at Covent Garden Theatre on the 1st of February, called *Brother and Sister*. The music was composed by Bishop and Reeve. In this piece Miss Stephens was very successful in a song by Bishop, in which, in imitation of Braham's song in *Narensky*, she sang an echo to her own voice with great ability. A comic song by Reeve, "Je ne sais quoi," was encored. "The *allegro* of the overture," says a critic, "which is a concertante for the flute, clarinet, and oboe, was admirably performed by Messrs Birch, Hopkins, and W. T. Parke." The whole of the music is excellent. In this piece the principal male-singing character was performed by Mr Duruset, a young performer of promise; Incledon, in consequence of a difference with the manager, having suddenly retired. There had not been any voice equal to Incledon's on the English stage since he first came out at Covent Garden Theatre in the year 1790. His ear was so perfect that I never heard him sing out of tune during the twenty-four years he was before the public. He did not, however, know anything of music; but his memory was so retentive that when a piece had been once played to him he retained it ever after. Incledon, while he fancied he possessed great sagacity, was so unsuspecting that almost anyone could practice on his credulity, as the following whimsical circumstance will show: This admirable singer, who made a greater benefit than any of the other performers belonging to the theatre, became so anxious when it was near that he could not refrain from going every morning to the box-book, at the box-book-keeper's office, to see how many places were taken; and a week before his last, observing the names to be few besides those of his own private friends, he said to Brandon, "D—n it, Jem, if the nobility don't come forward as usual I shall cut but a poor figure this time." "Don't be afraid," said Brandon, "I dare say we shall do a great deal for you to-day." "Well," replied Incledon, "I hope you will; and as I go home to dinner I will look in again." Incledon, who was not very familiar with Debre'tt's Peerage, returning at four o'clock in the afternoon, hastened to the book, and read aloud the following fictitious names, which Brandon, as a joke, had put down during his absence:—"The Marquis of Piccadilly," "The Duke of Windsor." "Ah!" said he, "that must be one of the royal family!" "Lord Highgate," and "The Bishop of Gravesend!" "Well!" said he to Brandon, quite delighted, "if we get on as well to-morrow as we have done to-day, I shall have a number of distinguished titles present!"

Ranelagh Gardens, that once fashionable place of resort for the great and the gay, being now shut up, a short account of them may not be unacceptable: Ranelagh was first planned by Mr Lacy, the joint patentee of Drury Lane Theatre with Garrick, in the year 1744. The performances were first given in the morning, but were afterwards changed to the evening. The gardens, which were beautiful, extended down to the Thames, where a handsome landing-place had been constructed for those parties who chose to go by water. The Rotunda was an elegant and spacious building, with boxes round the interior for the accommodation of the company promenading and taking refreshments, whilst some excellent music, by singers and musicians of the first ability, was performed in a superb orchestra erected in its centre. When the concert was ended fireworks of a splendid description were displayed in the gardens, which terminated the entertainments of the evening in time for the *haut ton* to take a late supper at Vauxhall Gardens. The entrance to this elegant place was in Ranelagh Walk, whither the visitors were driven through a long avenue of majestic trees; and the area before the gate was sufficiently spacious to contain a great number of carriages. At this gate, when the nobility and gentry came out, there were always a great number of link-boys, who, as usual, were very clamorous to be permitted to call up their coaches. One night, on several of the musicians coming out at the same time as the company, they were

saluted with "Whose carriage, your honour?" "Coach, your honour?" &c., till one of the linkmen, more knowing than his fellows, putting his torch up to their faces, called out to his companions, "Vy, don't you know 'em? they're only the call-birds!" This fascinating place was for many years patronised by the Prince of Wales (his late Majesty George the Fourth); but the gardens, &c. getting into incompetent hands, they progressively declined in popularity till they were closed for ever.

Vauxhall Gardens opened for the season on the 4th of June, and on the 12th of August a superb fête was given in honour of the natal day of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, which was attended by upwards of fourteen thousand persons. It may be observed that the night in celebration of the birthday of the Prince of Wales was uniformly the greatest night in the season. The concert (including the concertos on the organ and oboe by Hook and me) was much applauded, and amongst the songs two new ones, "The triple courtship" and "You don't exactly suit me," sung by Miss Feron and Mrs Bland (both composed by me) were vehemently encored, as was Dignum in "The Prince and old England for ever."

(To be continued.)

— o —
WAIFS.

The Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, Professor Sir G. A. Macfarren, delivered his annual address to the students on Saturday at the institution in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, on the re-opening of the Academy. There was a large attendance, among the professors being Messrs H. C. Banister, C. Steggall, F. R. Cox, E. Fiori, William Shakespeare, F. Walker, H. R. Evers, F. B. Jewson, Walter Macfarren, A. O. Leary, Brinley Richards, Harold Thomas, A. Schloesser, and H. R. Rose; Messrs G. A. Osborne, and Charles E. Sparrow (directors), with Mr John Gill (secretary). At the termination of the address the speaker was loudly cheered, and a hearty vote of thanks to Sir George Macfarren, on the motion of Mr Brinley Richards, was unanimously voted. (For the address itself see leader page.)

Mr Alberto Randegger has returned from Hamburg.

Ponchielli has completed his new opera, *Marion Delorme*.

The Teatro Carcano, Milan, will shortly open with *Dinorah*.

Il Cid, a new opera by Coppola, has been produced at Cremona.

Emilie Ambre, has been singing in *Faust* and *La Traviata* at Lille.

Reichmann has been singing at Prague in *Hans Heiling* and *Don Juan*.

Mierzwinsky, the tenor, was much applauded in *Guillaume Tell* at Turin.

Teodoro Robles, formerly manager of the Teatro Real, has died in Madrid.

Mdme Fursch-Madi reached New York by the Austral on the 15th September.

The Order of the Italian Crown has been conferred on Battistini, the baritone.

The Centenary of the Padre Martini will be duly celebrated this year at Bologna.

A new literary and artistic paper, *La Cronaca Sibarita*, has appeared in Naples.

The Teatro Principal, Barcelona, is now occupied by an Italian buffo opera company.

The Concerts Lamoureux will re-open on the 19th inst. at the Chateau d'Eau, Paris.

Marschner's opera, *Adolph von Nassau*, is to be revived at the Theatre Royal, Hanover.

Donizetti's *Favorita* ushered in the autumn season at the Politeama Genovese, Genoa.

Performances for the benefit of the various Cholera Funds are being given throughout Italy.

Alexandre Guilmant is in Riga, and will give several performances on the celebrated organ there.

Mdlle Nevada has arrived in town to prepare for her approaching debut at the Norwich Festival.

Mdme Marchesi has returned from Baden (near Vienna) to Paris and resumed her singing lessons.

Camilla Urso, the violinist, having returned from Europe to America, is at present in Boston.

The season at the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Schwerin, opened with Nessler's *Rattenfänger von Hameln*.

The new term at the Escuela Nacional de Música y Declamacion, Madrid, commenced on the 2nd inst.

The Heckmann Quartet, Cologne, think of making, next month, an extended tour in Austro-Hungary.

It is said that Angelo Neumann proposes resuming next spring his "Nibelungen Performances" in Italy.

Ferrari's new opera, *Fernanda*, has been for some time in active rehearsal at the Teatro Ristori, Verona.

The opening of the Châtelet Concerts, Paris, under the direction of Colonne, is fixed for the 12th inst.

The season just concluded at the Theatre Royal, Copenhagen, has resulted in a deficit of about 40,000 crowns.

The Raynor brothers have returned from Margate, and are making preparations for their undertaking at Berlin.

Handel's *Julius Maccabæus* was performed on the 8th September in Breslau by the St Elisabeth Church Choir.

A. S. Weinkopf, formerly chorus-master at the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, has died at Salzburg, aged 72.

A new buffo opera, *Il nuovo Don Giovanni*, music by Palmieri, has been produced at the Anfiteatro Fenice, Trieste.

The Emperor Wilhelm has approved of an annual grant of 60,000 marks for two years to the Stadttheater, Altona.

A fire broke out lately at the Teatro Pietro Cossa, Rome. No lives were lost, but the stage was completely destroyed.

Ernest Reyer's *Sigurd* will be performed in December at the Grand-Théâtre, Lyons, for the first time in France.

According to the *Pesther Tagblatt*, Franz Liszt is writing his Memoirs, and is already busy with the fourth volume.

The Teatro Goldoni, Leghorn, will be open for opera from the middle of the present month, up to the 10th December.

During his approaching tour with the Meiningen Orchestra, Hans von Bulow will give two "Symphonic Concerts" in Vienna.

Von Milde has retired, after having been for many years a member of the opera-company at the Grand Ducal Theatre, Weimar.

The artists engaged at the San Carlo, Naples, are apprehensive that, in consequence of the cholera, the theatre will not open.

Mlle Zerline Drucker, of the Theater an der Wien, Vienna, has brought an action for libel against the comic paper, *Der Floh*.

Alexander Hessler, ex-manager of the Stadttheater, Strassburgh, is appointed artistic director of the Königstädtisch Opera, Berlin.

A Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Michael Brand, has been organized by the orchestral musicians of Cincinnati, U.S.

Herr Franz Rummel, the eminent pianist, has accepted a professorship at the well-known Sternsche Conservatorium at Berlin.

A short time since, the lightning struck the church of San Gregorio, Cremano, (Naples) and destroyed the organ—a very fine one.

Reck, manager of the Stadttheater, Nuremberg, has requested the Corporation to release him from the management after the present season.

A buffo opera, *Mary, La Vivandiera*, music by Casiraghi, has been produced, but not very successfully, at the Teatro Rossini, Venice.

A new buffo opera, *Un'antisa Legge di Scozia*, music by Federici, has been produced, with moderate success, at the Teatro Rossini, Venice.

Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* will be performed on the 3rd December, at Carlsruhe, in honour of the Grand Duchess of Baden's birthday.

Alma Fohström, having completed her engagement at Kroll's Theater, Berlin, has been singing at the Stadttheater, Aix-la-Chapelle.

The prices of admission during the approaching Italian Opera season at the Teatro Real, Madrid, will be higher than they have been heretofore.

A new comic opera, *I Tre Moschettieri*, book by Pipi and Bruni, music by Martinelli, will shortly be produced at the Arena Nazionale, Florence.

At the inauguration of a new concert-room in Malmedy, Grétry's *Richard Cœur-de-Lion*, with the French text, was very successfully performed by amateurs.

Clara Louise Kellogg will sing this season in America at one hundred concerts under the management of Major J. B. Pond, Brignoli being the tenor.

Julius Schulhoff, whose health has greatly benefited by the waters at Rippoldsau, has returned to Baden-Baden, but will probably spend the winter in Wiesbaden.

The tenor, Fritz Ernst, lately made a "hit" on his first appearance as the hero in *Tristan und Isolde* at the Stadttheater, Hamburg, with Mdme Sucher (Isolde).

The season of German Opera, under the management of Carl Pfläging, was inaugurated in Rotterdam on the 17th September with a performance of Mozart's *Zauberflöte*.

De Vroye, the well-known flautist, will, during November and December, make a tour in Germany. In the course of it he will play at the Gewandhaus Concerts, Leipsic.

Two new operas, *Baldassare*, by Villate, and *Il Principe di Viana*, by Fernandez Grajal, will be produced in the course of the approaching season at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

Madlle Eugénie Coulon has returned from her annual visit to *la Belle France*, where the accomplished pianist has been received with pleasure, and parted from, we are sure, with regret.

Angelo Disconzi, a young composer, whose first opera, *Nella*, was produced at the Teatro Reinach, Parma, and afterwards performed at Sienna, has completed a second, entitled, *La Cortigiana*.

The Cuban violinist, Brindis de Salas, with Jules Sachs as *impresario*, has started on a three months' concert tour in the provinces of Silesia, Posen, Pommern, East and West Prussia.

The fifth Anhalt Musical Festival was celebrated in Zerbst on the 13th and 14th September, the principal works performed being Mendelssohn's *St Paul* and a Symphony in D major, No. 3, by Klughardt, who directed the Festival.

The *Legend of Unsterberg*, a posthumous two-act opera by Schubert, has just been produced in Vienna, and had a warm reception, as much for the great name of Schubert as for the poetic qualities and intrinsic merit of his work.

The following novelties: *Nero*, Anton Rubinstein; *Bianca Capello*, Salomon; *La Jolie Fille de Perth*, Georges Bizet; and *Le Joli Gilles*, will be produced this season at the Theatres—both under the same management—in Antwerp and Ghent.

The latest sentimental essay in songs is a tender ballad beginning

"Who will come above me sighing
When the grass grows over me?"

We can't say positively who, but if the cemetery fence is in the usual repair, it will probably be the cow.—*Lute*.

A story was lately started in Europe to the effect that Piccolomini, the once famous *prima donna*, was in poverty. It turns out to be false, and we Americans are wondering what the European press is coming to. Such stories, of course, don't surprise one hereabouts; but who is it that starts them in staid old Europe?

Miss Agnes Zimmermann has returned to town from her visit to Scotland, but leaves in a few days for Folkestone. Miss Zimmermann afterwards goes on a visit into Somersetshire, and will probably "winter" at Tunbridge Wells. Nevertheless, we trust the "Popular Concerts" will not lose the benefit of her exceptional talent during the forthcoming season.

The council of the East London Union for Advanced Education, Dempsey Street, Stepney, E., have secured the services of Mr A. Parker, professor of the violin and violoncello at the Birkbeck Institute, South London College of Music, for their Thursday evening classes; and of Mr Goodwin, of the Royal Academy of Music, for the pianoforte on Tuesday evenings. Further particulars may be had at the schools, or by post of the hon. secretary, Mr F. Parsons.

Minnie Hauk's "Gastspiel" at the Royal Opera, Prague, originally intended for four evenings, turned out so successfully, notwithstanding the triple price of admission, that the engagement has been prolonged for eight more performances. Of course, *Carmen* and *Mignon* were the two great drawing cards. *The Taming of the Shrew* and *Lohengrin* are announced for next week. A new paraphrase of "Connais-tu le pays?" has been addressed "to Minnie Hauk by the German poet, Edmund Grün."

The proceedings of the Social Science Congress at Birmingham were enhanced on Tuesday by an address on the Drama, delivered by Mrs Kendal. During the delivery of the address and the subsequent discussion the other departments were almost deserted by the "Social Scientists," and in many cases the reading of papers was postponed until the discussion in the Art department was concluded. The chair was taken by the Right Hon. G. J. Shaw-Lefevre, M.P. (For the address see another page.)

ACCORDING to the *Zeitschrift für Instrumentenbau*, there are in Germany 424 pianoforte manufactories, employing 7,834 workmen, and turning out 73,000 instruments a year. Those exported represent a value of 19,000,000 francs, or about £760,000.

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